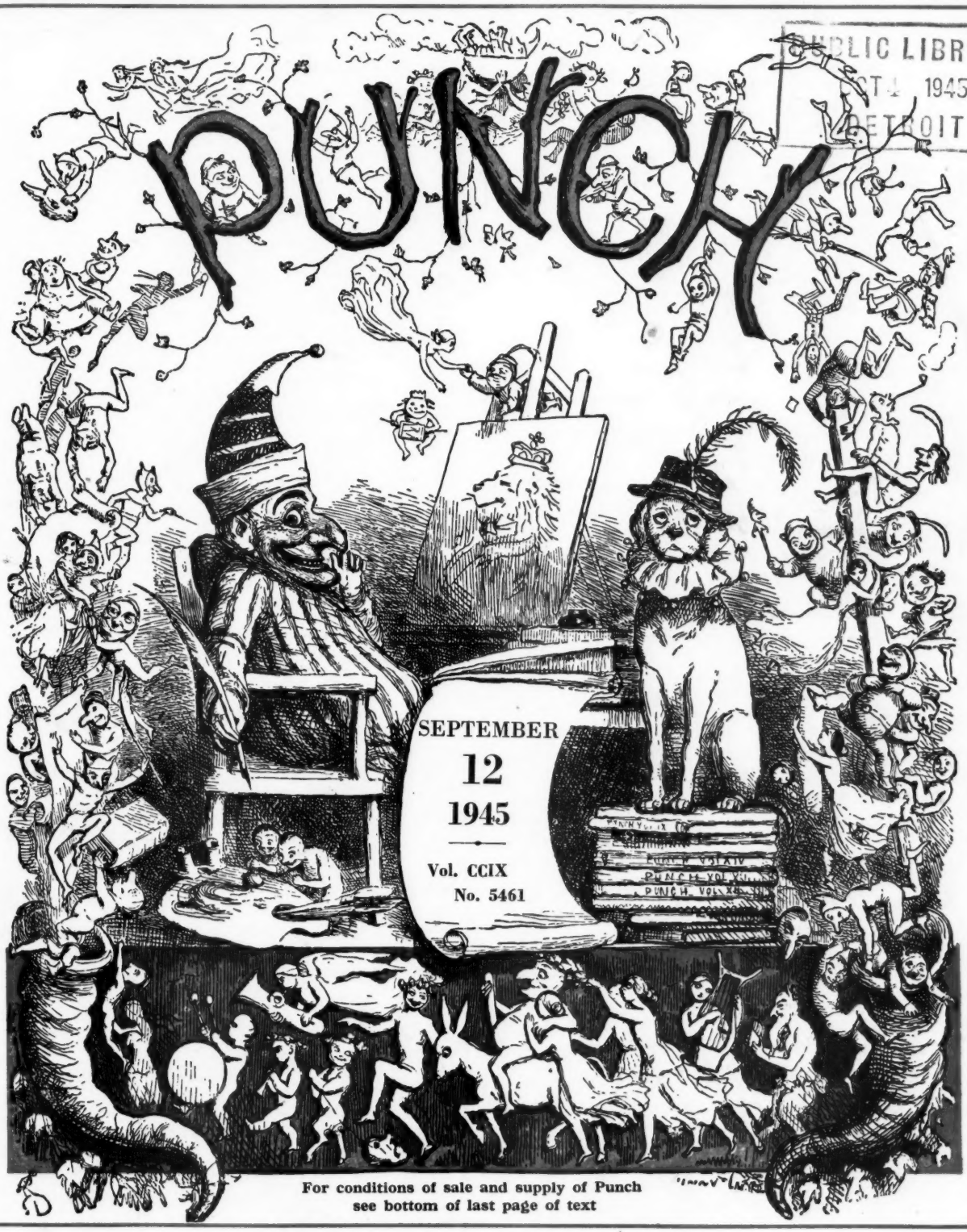
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PUNCH



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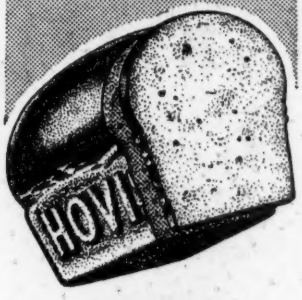
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C. Stillitz, Royal Leamington Spa P.8



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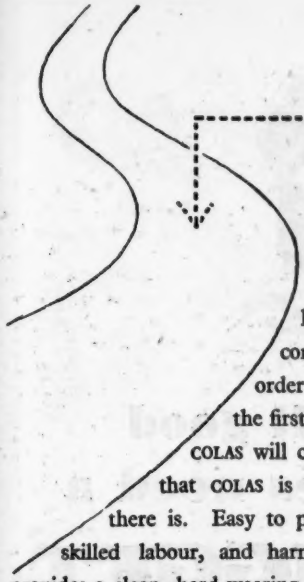
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P.2

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In Black, Brown & Dark Brown

SUPREME *for* QUALITY

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Civilians about Regent Street

For five years it has been one of our duties and privileges to fit men out in their khaki or blue, using the skill and knowledge derived from years of making good clothes for men. Now, at last, we are to have the pleasure of welcoming them back to Regent Street. They will find the West End a little greyer and a little grimmer; but they will also discern the under-current of confidence which runs more strongly perhaps than ever before. We cannot expect all the colour and variety of the '30's to return overnight. But our eyes are set in that direction. Regent Street — and the Austin Reed Service in particular — is looking up.

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PUNCH

or

The London Charivari



Vol. CCIX No. 5461 September 12 1945

Charivaria

MANY parents, wives and sweethearts in England are now agitating for special facilities to be given to the troops overseas to post cigarettes to them at home.

o o

There is some talk in sporting circles of extending the present cricket season until the summer.

o o



Allied experts who tested the German *volkswagen* said that the car did everything that was claimed of it except reach the German *volk*.

o o

A clergyman writing in an East Essex paper says that the best cup of railway tea he has ever had was served to him at Clacton station. Hence the queues at Liverpool Street.

o o

The housing shortage has made estate-agents so indifferent that some of them are cynically describing small six-roomed villas as small six-roomed villas.

o o

An American soldier who was stationed in Scotland for two years said he took the opportunity of tracing his Scottish ancestors on several leaves he had in London.

o o

Housewives have received with restrained enthusiasm the news that copper kettles will be cheaper when there are any copper kettles.

o o

A number of men's straw hats made in 1920 and recently found in stock by a suburban haberdasher were offered for sale. Housewives rubbed their eyes on seeing a queue of fishmongers.

Children who have returned after a five-years' stay in the U.S. say that London traffic seems slower. They don't realize how the Americans tired out our taxis.

o o

An entirely new type of hat for men has been designed and is still a secret, although occupants of the Members' Stand at Lord's are predicting that it will be the fastest bowler since Larwood.

o o

Wet Feet Corner

"A high-ranking British officer is standing by in the Pacific . . ."
Daily paper.

o o

There is a demand for more blacksmiths. So many of them, fearing a motoring boom, have gone into lighter trades, such as catering.



o o

"A queue will soon disperse when there is nothing more to buy," says a writer. It's beginning to look as if this will be the solution of the queue problem.

o o

"It is interesting to turn back the pages of history," a provincial writer muses. As you turn them you'll find more and more progress from the days of the atom bomb.

o o

Full-Time Job

"AGENT FOR
(NO CIGARETTES)"
Superimposed notice in Walton-on-Naze shop window.

o o

The beach inspector at a coast resort is provided with a soothing lotion for people stung by wasps. The local First Aid Post maintains a post-war skeleton staff to deal with the more serious cases of people bitten by deck-chairs.



"Adapted to the Meanest Intelligence"

BUT not, alas! to mine. I am referring to these jocular talks about the atom from which we listeners have been suffering of late. There is a depth of meanness about my intelligence which defies even the benevolent offices of the B.B.C. to explore.

I often wish I had taken up physics instead of Sanskrit and philosophy at my preparatory school. It is not that I mind being baffled. I rather like it. But I prefer to be baffled in a reverent mood. I like to let the phrases of professors beat about my ears with no light relief to urge them on. I like to let the electrons thunder past with their own momentum before I plunge in sport again, and I resent, I resent deeply the voice of the stooge, the Boswell, the Watson, or whatever he may be who draws the great man out with his gamesomeness, his persiflage, his persistent display of frivolity. You know the kind of thing I mean.

"Well, Dr. Biddlekin, still at your old experiments? What time did you start working this morning?"

"I think it was about six o'clock."

"And here you are still swotting away at midnight. I'll wager you haven't had a bite of food since you began. Let me give you a dry biscuit and a cup of cocoa before you go on. 'All work and no play', you know. Ha, ha! Have you found out anything good in the last twenty-four hours?"

"Well—to tell you the honest truth, Bumblepuppy—I think I have." (His voice is a little muffled by biscuit as he speaks the fateful words.)

"Go ahead then! Out with it, old boy. I'm prepared for the worst."

[*Interval for light music*]

"I dare say you know, Bumblepuppy, that the amygdaloid properties of molybdenum, when suitably condensed, can be discharged like—well, like billy-oh—by means of radio-active particles through a multilateral spectroscope."

"Of course I do, doctor. I imagine every child knows that. I never gave it another thought myself. But what of it? Another cup of cocoa? Carry on."

"In the course of to-day's experiments it became abundantly clear that the isotope of the neutrons demobilized in the course of this process was not behaving properly."

"Tut, tut! Biddlekin, that's a very serious accusation."

"It is more or less a true one. Some of the alpha rays, instead of passing quietly through the beta rays and back again, had taken, if I may so put it, a wrong turning, and, far from precipitating themselves into phosphorus of perihelium as we expected them to do, were actually disintegrating into a kind of sympathetic sulphate of hydrogen."

"Into a *what*?"

"What I said. Shall I say it again?"

"No, no. *Disintegrating into sympa*—— Oh, hold my hand! Oh, stop, Biddlekin. Stop. Oh, dear! Te-hee! Te-hee! This is a bit too good, even for you, Biddlekin. Carry me out, somebody. My sides are splitting. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Do you know what you've been saying? You've practically stated that one element can be trans—Ho, ho! Ho, ho!—transmuted into another element."

"That is exactly what I have stated in so many words, Bumblepuppy."

"But, my dear fellow, you can't *say* that to the world of science. You daren't. You'll rock it to its foundations. This is alchemy, Biddlekin, sheer alchemy. Science won't stand for it. They'll tear off your gown. They'll pull your hood to pieces. They'll take away your trousers. *Sympathetic sulphate of hydrogen!* Why, the thing is impossible. What are you going to do about it?"

"I shall break it to them gently, Bumblepuppy. I shall say 'It is difficult not to conclude——'"

"Oh, he-he! I like that!"

"—'It is difficult not to conclude that a tendency arises in certain circumstances . . .'"

"Splendid, Biddlekin! You tell them that. 'In certain circumstances'! How screamingly funny! Do you realize that you've altered the whole future of the world for evermore? You've got this poor old isotope where you want him at last. You've put the electron on the carpet once and for all. Was there anything else, old man?"

"There was. We furthermore discovered that by continuously bombarding the fluorescent nuclei with paraldehyde of potassium and projecting them against a windscreen of collodion, enough solar energy can be released to——"

"To do what, Biddlekin?"

"Well, I should hardly like to tell you, Bumblepuppy. I intend to prepare a paper for the Royal Society about it all."

"Oh, *do*, Biddlekin. And let me sit in the front row and shriek with laughter at the right moments. But here comes Gwendolen. Gwendolen, what do you think? Professor Biddlekin has . . ."

"Not split the atom?"

"You've guessed it. He has."

"The darling. I always knew he would."

[*More music*]

"You've been listening to . . ." Oh, yes, I've been listening. Listening so hard that my head is in an absolute whirl.

I am baffled, as I said before. I am stupefied. But I would rather be baffled without Bumblepuppy. I can be stupefied without any assistance from Gwendolen.

EVOE.

o o

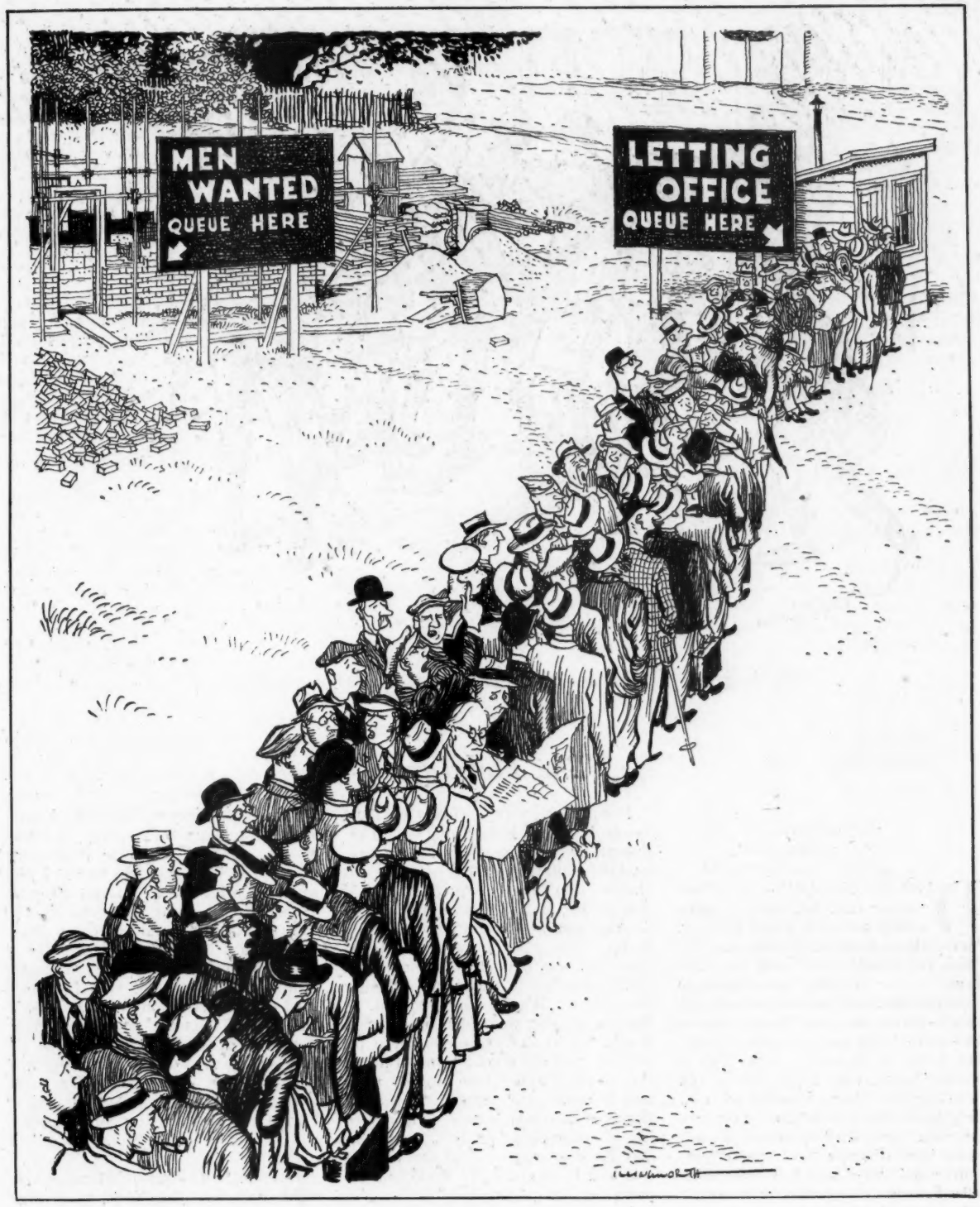
The Black-Coat's Harvest

I HELPED to gather in the golden grain
Just as those lovely posters said I should.
I staggered round with sheaves that dripped with rain
And knocked down stooks as only townsmen could.

They laughed at me because I went too fast
And then fell panting in a pulpy heap;
And when night came with gentle hands at last
I was too blistered for the paths of sleep.

I topped a mounting corn-stack like a cork
And caught the sheaves as they went whizzing by.
I caught them with a fearsome two-pronged fork
And hit the master stacker in the eye.

What starving country's cry led me to sweat
With unaccustomed toil from drizzling morn
To dazzling afternoon, I did forget.
I lost a stone amidst the alien corn.



HOUSES AND HANDS



"Oh, buzz off, Winkleson—what can you know about nationalization!"

The Holidays

COVE HOTEL,
TREGERRO,
CORNWALL.

DARLING MUMMY,—Well, here we are, on holiday at last, after really not such a bad journey. I hung about outside a carriage marked "Not for Public Use," and travelled down on an awfully nice drainage expert's knee, and Andrew actually got a seat—on that big rawhide suit-case of his—so we think we were rather clever. The hotel is charming, more like a private house, with lovely bits of old furniture and flowers in our room, etc. Very good food and service. They say there was some kind of crisis last week when their Belgian maids were suddenly repatriated and left overnight, but all seems to be running smoothly now. I think we're very lucky to get in for £3 a day all found. I'll write again in a day or two when we've had time to look round.

Best love, MARY.

DARLING MUMMY,—This is the most heavenly place. Everything is perfect, except for vile weather, so no sunbathing, but the hotel is so luxurious that we don't care. *Breakfast in bed* if you please, and it's really rather fun because you never know who will bring it up. Yesterday it was the boot-boy, because our chambermaid had left because her husband was suddenly demobbed. We get our own tea, as the tea waitress was only doing it as a favour while she was down here on holiday, and she's gone now. But all the people staying here are so nice, and of course are quite used to doing things in their own houses, so it's more like a house-party really. Must stop and lay dinner, as one of the waiters was sick to-day and we made him lie down.

Love from us both, MARY.

DARLING MUMMY,—Everything still blissful, except that the chef has left, which is rather a blow. But they say another is coming on Saturday. Meanwhile it's really rather fun. All the visitors can cook of course, so we take it in turns with one dish each. I did my Breton broth and Andrew a lovely Welsh rarebit. But they are dreadfully short of fats, and just fancy, they haven't got a proper potato-peeler—you have to do them with a knife. However, it's only for two days and then the new chef comes. The waiter who was ill has got worse and they think it's appendix. If he has to go the waitress goes too as they are husband and wife. Still—I'm not worrying. We're loving every minute. I hope you are enjoying Aunt Edith.

Love from MARY.

DARLING,—The new chef came last night and left this morning. But another is coming to-morrow, plus two new waiters (as it *was* appendicitis). We had a lovely time last night. The barman just didn't turn up so a very amusing Commander Fairholme,

staying here, ran the bar magnificently and we all washed up after. It was just like a private party. I only hope the hotel didn't suffer as we were a bit vague about prices, but we all put in an extra 10*s.* at the end, just in case. I broke a glass—much to my shame—but I've wired home for one of ours to replace it. It's such a charming atmosphere and the management don't seem to mind us helping a bit. The manageress came up to-day while I was vacuuming our room and actually thanked me. The war has certainly made people much more human.

Much love, MARY.

DARLING MUMMY,—No time to write properly as everything is rather hectic. The two new waiters, who are bosom friends and adore the place (so that's a comfort), went out after lunch in a boat (in natty orange shorts and sky-blue shirts) and *haven't come back yet*, and dinner is in five minutes. Will continue later. *Later.*—The waiters turned up about nine, having just avoided some dangerous rocks at Scat Point. They insisted on serving the sweet, but one kept on nearly fainting and the other could *not* stop crying, so in the end we took over and did the coffee, etc., ourselves. No more, as I'm rather tired, because I helped the manageress sort out all the laundry this morning. Only two more days left. It's awful. Weather glorious now, but no time for sun-bathing.

Love, MARY.

Only a p.c. as we're going for a picnic directly I've cut the sandwiches and Andrew has mended two fuses and Colonel Hawkins, who has done all the shoes since the boot-boy was transferred to the kitchen because the kitchen-maid had a nervous breakdown, has finished ours. He's rather slow but *won't* be helped, bless him. Our last day, alas! Yours, M.

DARLING MUMMY,—Just a line to say we are safely home. We nearly wept, leaving. We made out our own bills because we couldn't find the manageress anywhere, and all the guests helped carry down the luggage because Joe, the dear old porter, who was 82, died yesterday. Very nice to be back at the cottage, though we don't really feel ready for work yet. Everything looks spotless, so Mrs. Wrench must have worked hard on it, and she has lit both stoves and left us a nice cold supper and also a note to say she will slip over and wash up to-night, so I've got nothing to do. I might be staying in an hotel!

Best love, MARY.
M. D.

Barter

HANS SCHLEGELMILCH is my interpreter through whom I conduct negotiations in the sub-tabular market of this German city. The other day I told him I wished to buy a watch.

"A vatch!" he murmured with the air of pained surprise he puts on when I tell him what I want.

"A watch," I repeated firmly.

Hans shook his head.

"For a long time we in Germany have no watches had," he said. "For cigarettes, naturally," he went on, "but for money, no."

"No cigarettes," I told him firmly. "It is forbidden. A watch for money. That is what I want."

A day or two later Hans came into my room, shut the door cautiously behind him, and in a whisper told me he had found a watch.

"It will be necessary to give the man an egg machine," he added, as if there was nothing at all abnormal in this proposition.

"A what?" I said.

"A machine for cooking the eggs with the electric light," said Hans.

"And do you really think a British Military Government Officer carries spare machines for cooking eggs around with him?" I said.

Hans smiled at my foolishness.

"A machine can be obtained," he said.

He reported one to me next morning. It was an excellent machine, he assured me: one of which any owner of a watch would be extremely proud. The only snag was that its proprietor wanted in exchange for it a pound of coffee, a pair of socks (size nine), and a pint of turpentine.

"What the blazes does he want with turpentine?" I said.

"It is not for hisself," said Hans. "He has a lady friend who wishes rings for her ears, and the man who has the rings wishes the turpentine so that he may remove a bad mess from a little carpet he is to give another man for a bag of seed potatoes."

"I might be able to manage the coffee and the socks," I said, "but not the turpentine."

"That I anticipated," said Hans. "Instead of turpentine the man will accept cigarettes."

"No cigarettes," I told him firmly.

Hans shrugged his shoulders, not expressively as the French do, but in the German fashion, which makes one think they must have fleas between their shoulders.

"In that case I must investigate once more," he said. "I have heard of another officer, who wishes a meerschaum pipe. It is possible he may have turpentine. I shall inquire."

o o

Fit for Heroes?

THE Peace has brought me many shocks,
And not the least has been my socks,
"Utility," which claimed to be
Fit for a hero, therefore me.
In newest gloss they reached to half
An inch below my gallant calf:
One washing, and, to my despair,
They left my dashing ankles bare.
A second, and they failed to meet
Three-fifths of my heroic feet
Now they have joined the Salvage Group,
Leaving me sockless in the soup,
My coupons gone, my story told,
And "I feel chilly and grown old."

G. F. B.

CLOSING DOWN

NOW that the war with Japan is finally won, Mr. Punch feels that he can close his Comforts Fund.

He has therefore decided to close his Fund, and divide any balance in hand and donations in the post equally between the Incorporated Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Help Society, and the Missions to Seamen.

He thanks with all his heart all those who have contributed in cash and in kind, and those who have helped in other ways to enable him to provide comforts for so many of our gallant men and women in the Forces, those serving in the Forces of our Allies, the "blitzed" families, and the refugees from concentration and slave labour camps.

Although Mr. Punch has had many letters of gratitude and thanks, he feels that these are due to you for your generosity, sympathy and unfailing support through these trying years.

WELL DONE!

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

At the Pictures

Funny Business

The weak point about *A Bell for Adano* (Director: Henry King) is its suggestion that most of the natives of the little Sicilian town concerned are rather simple-witted comedians, given to rushing about and talking and indeed behaving generally like Chico Marx. I haven't read the novel, but I believe there was a hint of this attitude even there; the customary over-simplifying habit of the cinema has much exaggerated it.

But the main theme, and I think the mood, of the story gets over successfully. The important figure is that of the American A.M.G. major who is trying to restart the life of the town, the basic problem is his problem of reconciling his intuitive sympathy for the inhabitants with the demands of higher military authority; both are imaginatively shown. The lost town bell is the symbol: he has the perception to realize the importance to the people of their bell, and his superiors, naturally, have not. He lasts just long enough to settle the affairs of Adano satisfactorily—it would be truer to life, I suppose, if he didn't—and then he is removed.

The story is essentially a series of episodes, but there is a certain progression of suspense up to the climax of the bell's arrival, a very effective moment. There are several other emotionally telling scenes, and as a whole the film, in spite of obviousness and over-simplification and some playing for cheap laughs, is worth seeing. John Hodiak makes an honest and credible *Major Joppolo*, and Gene Tierney appears as an (as far as the story is concerned) unnecessary and unconvincing, though decorative, blonde.



[*A Bell for Adano*

GEN

Major Joppolo . . . . . John Hodiak

I note with concern a tendency among some of the critics to jeer at a film comedian for having a funny face. This is the tone in which some of them have noticed *Out of this World* (Director: Hal Walker), in which Eddie Bracken is made to sing with the voice of Bing Crosby: a pity, someone said, that he couldn't appear with somebody else's face, too. I trace this sort of high-handed remark indirectly to a puritan distrust of mere entertainment, a belief that all films, even musical comedies, ought to be in essence improving and to have plots that can be taken seriously.

Well, I think there is a place for mere entertainment. The plot of *Out of this World* falls apart even more readily than such things usually do: the basis of it is the old misunderstanding-formula, worked out this time in terms of a popular singer who mistakenly believes that his loved one is using her position as manager of his affairs to do him out of some money. But the point of it is not its æsthetic inadequacy, but its handiness as a framework on which to display various jewels of entertainment. Whether or not they are true jewels is of course a matter of opinion; nevertheless it seems to me unfair to dismiss all these highly-skilled turns with a brief snarl because one happens to disapprove of the *kind* of turns they are. It's not enough, it's too easy, to say, "*Grr*, swing," or "*Yah*, crooning" unless the critic makes it clear that he would hate these things however well they were done. Here they are very well done, and if they give you pleasure, good luck to you. The film also contains a good deal of incidental satire on the "swoon-crooner" cult and the way it is fostered; and that, besides being funny, might even be considered improving.



[*Out of this World*

CHOPIN BY THE CLOCK

Betty . . . . . Diana Lynn

Easily the best film of the fortnight is *The Southerner* (Director: Jean Renoir), which has that indefinable and rare quality of seeming worthy as well as entertaining, of not only beguiling the time but leaving an impression of value at the end of it. The scene is the cotton-growing South of the U.S., the story one of the simplest old ones: a young farmer, by hard work, triumphs over all kinds of disasters and achieves independence. But sensitive direction (has any French director ever succeeded so well in Hollywood before?), first-rate camera-work and competent playing together make this a deeply satisfying picture. It is hard to explain in a few words just how and how well the theme has been made so absorbing, so moving, so full of character (Beulah Bondi plays the only obvious "character," and contrives to make the pawky selfish old grandmother a completely individual figure); these hints may lead you to expect a sombre "epic of the soil," to be seen, if at all, only at the compulsion of conscience. All I can do is assure you that I profoundly enjoyed the film myself, and that when I was there the cinema seemed to be packed with other people who were profoundly enjoying it too. R. M.

The End

WARS always seem to end at awkward moments for Captain Sympson and myself. After VE Day in Aleppo, VJ Day found us even more removed from the haunts of celebrating man. We were in Gombalala, the capital of Kugombaland, and though the news of our activities on that historic day is being flashed to England through the usual channels (including native drums) it will probably not arrive until people are settling down comfortably to prepare for the next war.

We heard the tidings on the eight o'clock (morning) news, and we were due to catch the nine o'clock train back to Nairobi, which is a journey of several days.

"Being VJ Day," said Sympson bitterly, "it will be quite useless to ring up Details for an Army truck to take our luggage to the station. The only alternative will be to obtain a bevy of willing boys to carry our things."

We imagined, quite wrongly as it happened, that on VJ Day it would be difficult to obtain willing boys in Gombalala, but long habit has made the Kugomba regard V Days with considerable calm. Until the advent of the British about fifty years ago the Kugomba had a V Day about once a week, either against the Kalakeefiks or the Karyongas, his chief hereditary enemies. So on VJ Day we had no difficulty in getting willing boys to carry our luggage to the station. Rather the reverse.

Sympson spread the news in one direction that we required willing boys, and I spread it in another direction, and the landlady of the hotel very kindly spread it in another direction, so that in the end we had twelve boys, and only ten pieces of luggage.

"We can hardly disappoint the others," said Sympson, "as it is VJ Day. So I suggest a couple of small cases of beer. The train is sure to be entirely devoid of alcohol, as the people who arrived from Nairobi last night will have had a VJ Eve celebration, and cleared the bar."

The idea seemed to me to be rather better than most of Sympson's ideas. I am myself a very moderate drinker, but one does not get a VJ Day every time one is on a train.

In all its long and dramatic history I doubt whether Gombalala has ever witnessed a finer sight than Sympson and myself and our twelve bearers moving with dignity towards the station. We marched, Kugomba fashion, in single file, and the boys, of course, carried the luggage on their heads. Cheering crowds lined the route and the flags of all nations were waved vigorously. It made one feel that the good old British raj had still a few years to run.

The stuff was loaded into our compartment, and we paid off the boys. The train steamed out, and I looked at Sympson in a meaning sort of way.

"It's a bit early," he said, "but I think we will. Just one."

The two other people in the compartment said, after a little conventional hesitation, that they wouldn't mind having one either. The atmosphere was expectant as we found the bottle-opener.

Only then did we regret Sympson's failure to master in all its intricacy the Kugomba language. But it was quite good ginger ale.



"All he says is 'Press button A, you ass!'"



"I DO hope they allow a decent interval to elapse between the end of hostilities and the opening of the export drive."

Experiments in Autosuggestion

I SAID to my Subliminal Self
"Subliminal Self, arise!
Compose me a *Bourrée* and *Gigue* or two,
Or a couple of Symphonies.
The Cosmic Scheme will provide a Theme,
If you lend an attentive ear."
But my Subliminal Self was deaf,
And didn't appear to hear.

I said to my Subliminal Self
"Subliminal Self, awake,
And paint me a portrait of Abstract Thought
In orange and crimson lake.
Well, at least you can paint an El Greco saint,
Or draw a Picasso tree!"
But my Subliminal Self was blind,
And didn't appear to see.

I said to my Subliminal Self
"Subliminal Self, give tongue!
If your music (unmade) must remain unplayed,
And your paintings (undrawn) unhung,
Write novels or plays, in a style that pays,
Or an epic or two—or three."
But my Subliminal Self was dumb,
And didn't reply to me.

I said to my Subliminal Self,
As we passed by the "Rose and Thistle,"
"What I really require—or at least desire—
Is something to wet my whistle."
But my Subliminal Self was in,
And had ordered three pints of porter
And drained them dry ere the Conscious I
Could offer it barley-water. P. B.

o o

H. J.'s Belles-Lettres

THE Art Form adopted in this Belle-Lettre is Historical Fiction, one new to me if not to my readers, and the technical problems involved are very toughening to the stylist.

It was a fine summer in the eighteenth century at sea, and on the stage thus set we introduce our characters. Perkin Bastable had been in the Navy for many years and was now a captain. True it is that if he had entered the Army he would have been a captain sooner, but his ways had lain among the highly bred and he lacked ambition. In build he was like a gorilla, in features a chimpanzee, this being of great interest to Sir Joseph Banks. As the story opens, from aloft there lightly leaped on to the bridge the Mate, Chas. Jas. Hepplewhite, a tarpaulin of the old school. "Is all ship-shape?" asked the Captain. "All but Boy Sam," replied the Mate. "He seems to lack that sixth sense so needful upon the briny. Three times he's got furled inside the mainsail. The Bo'sun is verging on the nonplussed." "To-morrow is May Day. Have the main brace spliced and give Boy Sam a couple of hundred lashes," said Captain Bastable with the expertise bred by years of command.

Since Captain Cook introduced gin and lime, naval feasts have been even jollier than before, and many were the jests exchanged on the morrow as the audience settled down to the entertainment provided; but scarcely had the "cat" been blessed by the Chaplain when a French frigate hove in sight, and this in many ways altered the routine for the day. Bullet-proof sails were hoisted: shot and shell were issued to those qualified to use them; the sealed orders were steamed open. "Phase I—Land on deck of enemy," read the Captain from the bridge. As the distance between the two vessels diminished activity became frenzied. Decks were holy-stoned, brass was burnished and the frayed ends cut off all rope. Towards evening the antagonists were within hailing distance. "*A bas les Français, ces gens pas du tout comme-il-faut!*" cried Hepplewhite from the bows. "Rot ye, English wastrels!" rejoined the French commander. Immediately from both ships guns were fired, and on all sides silver fountains spouted. The moment to board had arrived. Boy Sam was in charge of the grapnels, and at a word from the Mate he cast them with all his force, the first time catching a small shark and the second a deserter in a rowing boat. The third time, however, Our Hero hooked his opponent and the two ships drew close together.

A brisk hand-to-hand engagement led to the capture of the French ship by the British and of the British ship by the French, and when nightfall terminated the combat



"That's funny—when I saw you coming along I had you all sized up as a one-and-two."

both sides were well satisfied with their gains. The Froggies exclaimed in delight at the solid comfort of their new home, while Our Brave Lads were enthusiastic over the elegance with which they were now surrounded. The French Commander lay happily in his hammock carving a beefsteak on its native pewter, while Captain Bastable lay stretched on a sofa nibbling *petits fours* and gazing at the cupids on the ceiling of his cabin. In only one breast was there aught but ease and contentment.

Being only the Cabin Boy, Boy Sam had to take his rest where he could, and inside a large wooden structure on the deck marked "Hommes 1, Poulets 73," he recalled with bitter shame that in the course of the battle he had lost the log-book which it was his duty to post every night and present to the Captain for his signature in the morning. He knew he had put it down somewhere whilst sharpening the claymore his Sunday School class had given him on his departure. He dared not delay his search, for he knew it would take him several lines to describe the stirring events of the day, and that if he left this task so long that it had to be completed against time, his handwriting would degenerate from the copper-plate which the Captain liked to script which he detested, and even to capitals without intervals between the words.

Wearily disengaging himself, he set out to examine the ship. The volume was not on the binnacle, in the chain-locker or under the ballast, but at last his perseverance was magnificently if irrelevantly rewarded. Clambering disconsolately through the hold, he came upon a sleeping stewardess, forgotten by the French in the élan of their attack, and tattooed upon her was a map. He had difficulty at first in reading it, as the projection seemed to have changed with the years, but eventually he realized that areas of the world suitable for growing copra were what it showed. Hugging this knowledge to himself, Boy Sam tip-toed away.

The story now omits some months of sailing beneath tropic suns; it also omits a mutiny, a fire, a marooning, some stowaways and the capture of several prizes; if necessary we can go back to these later. The thread gets picked up again on Portsmouth Hard where the crew, after being paid off, are about to sow wild oats—all, that is, except Sam.

Turning his back on a naval career he set out for London, then, as still, nothing if not a metropolis. Here he steeled his naturally retiring nature to the degree of brazenness required for the raising of capital. Day after day, week after week, he badgered away at the banks, international financiers, landed aristocracy and hard-faced men who had done well out of the Spinning Jenny. Eventually, after endless waiting in panelled antechambers, of laughing at the jests of peers, flattering nabobs and worming his way into Brooks' as a singing page-boy, Our Hero procured sufficient funds to equip a modest but decent schooner, and, taking his place upon her bridge, made for those fertile realms of which he held the secret.

His seamanship was such that his crew soon insisted he should rather stop and ask his way from passing vessels than attempt to work out the route for himself, but at length the ship arrived, and copra plantations were established forthwith. Beating their marlinspikes into ploughshares the crew threw themselves into agriculture with enthusiasm, the mere threat of being taken for a sail by his employer sufficing to keep the most idle at his task. Soon the enterprise succeeded beyond the wildest expectations of its originator; and that, it may now be revealed, was how Samuel Pickwick laid the foundations of his fortune.



"We've a colossal programme of peace-time production only waiting for the word 'go,' and a stupendous programme of war-time production only waiting for the word 'stop'."



"Ah! here comes Dr. Buchan's Warm Spell at last!"

Ballade of Multiple Impoverishment

MUCH have I lost ere now and failed to find—
My temper, and the goddess that I wooed,
My spectacles, my manners, and my mind,
And (just of late) my interest in food;
But here is horror, unrelieved and crude,
To shake the scansion and bewitch the pen.
How so, you ask? To what do I allude?
I have lost my railway-ticket, my identity-card, my ration-book, twenty-three clothing coupons and £8 10*s*.

Who *gave* me Eight Pound Ten? What fool consigned
So great a sum to my ineptitude?
Surely they knew how trustless is my kind
When wrapped in vacant or in pensive mood?
For this, ye gods, were Socialists endued
With power to order the affairs of men?
Away, slight Bevin, or I may be rude.
I have lost my railway-ticket, my identity-card, my ration-book, twenty-three clothing coupons and £8 10*s*.

Where now the mirth whereto I was inclined,
That cordial cheer I practised to exude?
My winter comes, and spring is far behind,
And naught but Death my torments may conclude.
I must go hungry, penniless, and nude;
I shall not ever know my name again;
I may not travel from St. Ives to Bude.
I have lost my railway-ticket, my identity-card, my ration-book, twenty-three clothing coupons and £8 10*s*.

Envoi

Girls, it is found. Like to some fledgling brood
That hugs the shelter of the parent hen,
It lay concealed beneath Aunt Ermyntrude.
As if I could lose my railway-ticket, my identity-card, my ration-book, twenty-three clothing coupons and £8 10*s*!

M. H. L.



PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE



"We're putting off our holiday for another month yet. The caravans are still much too crowded."

President and People in Galapagonia

Picturesque Politics

IF the European is to gain even an elementary insight into Galapagonia's political background, two particular aspects call for careful study: one is the attitude of the president towards his office, the other the attitude of the people towards the president.

Traditionally it is the first task of any newly-elected president to amend the Constitution so as to direct into his private coffers the highest practicable proportion of the national income. Galapagonians understand this, and expect nothing different; they are fully aware that the sweets of office are the sole incentive to presidential aspiration, and they regard it as natural that their ruler should wish to live as luxuriously as possible during the short time remaining to him; a candidate who based his electoral campaign upon promises of popular betterment would be regarded with suspicion and probably contempt; certainly his chances of election would be slender.

Galapagonians choose their president not for the good he will do but for the amusement he will afford. He comes to power as an almost direct result of his colourfulness, glamour, entertainment-value—call it what you will—rather than because of any outstanding qualities of intellect or leadership. His politics are less important than his physical proportions, his humanity than his taste in dress, his integrity than his personal idiosyncrasies. To give only three illustrations: Dr. Fantazio Bombazzia was seven feet in height, with a red beard to his waist; Dr. Luis Banaña habitually wore uniforms of gold lamé; Dr. Péni Bazar was a semi-professional acrobat. Of these three celebrated presidents not one had, or claimed to have, an ounce of political nous or social conscience, yet their brief careers* provided a vicarious excitement for hundreds of thousands of ragged and verminous Galapagonians, who snapped up with avidity every latest tit-bit of nut-exchange gossip and wagged their heads delightedly over presidential extravagances, whims and flamboyancies.

On the death of a president the obituary comments take such form as, "Ah, what a fat one he was!" or, "How his tigress used to roar as she rode in the back of his car!" It is such bonds as these that bind a Galapagonian president to the hearts of the people. It is said that Dr. Chenséca Bolivar (March–April, 1925) gained office on the strength of nothing more than a single election speech of

* All three were assassinated at various times in the autumn of 1920.

historic brevity—"*I weigh thirty-two stones!*"

The Republic's present ruler, Dr. Alejandro Merida, is known outside his own country as the man who has lately guided Galapagonia through more than four months of war. In Galapagonia, however, he is esteemed for two attributes of which most Europeans are probably quite ignorant; first, he has a moustache which measures sixteen inches from tip to tip; secondly, he is the only president ever to have practised full-time veterinary surgery while holding office. This activity has earned him the good-natured sobriquet of "*El Hippophagismo*," and, incidentally, represents his only claim to the title of "Doctor."

Dr. Merida is not a dictator, and resents being so regarded. It is nevertheless one of the provisions of his revised Constitution that all political parties are automatically dissolved upon the formation of a Government. Shortly after Merida's own rise to power, therefore, such movements as the *Frente Popular* of Dr. Souza Vampozá, the *Partido Democrata Nacional* of Dr. Boné Juselez, and the *Partido Revolucionario* of Dr. Inharmonio Fermentósó ceased to exist, and none of them now has any voice in Congress, which consists only of ministerial advisers appointed by the President.

There is a strong family feeling in Galapagonia (the word is *Nepotismó*), and it seems to the people only usual and desirable that Dr. Contrarias Merida, Dr. Fulgencio Merida, Dr. Culturá Merida, Dr. Alfalfá Merida, Dr. Tolédo Merida, Dr. Cauldroné Merida, Dr. Maloda Merida and Dr. Genuflexas Merida should be serving in the Government with other relatives of the President. It will be seen that the administration of the Republic is no one-man affair, and any minister is free to withhold his support from any decree or declaration if he so wishes, although active opposition would probably be unwise.

Galapagonia has always frowned upon the seizure of power by force, and even those leaders who have themselves employed strong-arm methods to come to office have soon suffered a change of heart, instituting most stringent penalties for any who should venture to emulate them. Dr. Merida's own term of office began after a General Election which for its orderliness and fully representative character might well serve as a model to some of the more advanced democracies. Even the huge obstacle of widespread illiteracy was overcome in order that no man should be denied the expression of his opinion, thousands of uneducated workers being trained to recognize Dr. Merida's name in print and taught by his campaign staff how to make their humble mark against it.

The only false note was introduced when the unscrupulous Dr. Paraño Solaño, arrested by chance on a minor charge of hoarding nut-alcohol, was found to be carrying forged documents purporting to prove that Dr. Merida's moustache was not his own but belonged to an Army officer called Orgoná, and that his claim to a Degree in veterinary surgery was based upon his having undergone a correspondence course in ferret-breeding in his early twenties.

A preliminary investigation established that Solaño had planned a wide distribution of these papers amongst the electorate, and if his machinations had matured Dr. Merida's chances would have been gravely prejudiced. As it was, he was elected by a virtually unanimous vote, though Solaño effected an escape across the frontier into Bolonia where, in a fit of pique, he overthrew the Government of that country, declared himself president, and decreed the existence of formidable trade-barriers against his native land. (In passing, it is interesting to note the method adopted by the Bolonians to revenge themselves for this piece of impertinence: with characteristic confusion of thought they smuggled into Galapagonia an old soldier named Marshal Frizzolio, with orders to overthrow Merida. Unluckily for the Bolonian stratagem the old man lost his way, and on achieving, as he thought, the required *coup*, found himself mayor of an isolated township on the edge of the Perdendo quicksand!)

To sum up, Galapagonian politics appear on the surface to be staunchly pro-presidential, but there are many undercurrents and overtones, and in the event of Dr. Merida's fall from favour and/or assassination over the victorious Republic's transition to a peace-time economy, observers in Europe will do well to study closely the inevitable struggle for power which will ensue between the Vamposa, Juselez and Fermentósó parties.

The upshot of any such contest seems, to one observer at least, to be a foregone conclusion, for whereas neither Vamposa nor Fermentósó can boast any of those personal piquancies of character so beloved of the Galapagonian voter, Juselez, on the other hand, is admirably qualified: he not only lives in a balloon, but has the further recommendation of suffering from an obscure infirmity known as *somniatino*, and has been asleep since 1932.

J. B. B.

o o

Horse Fair

TO Appleby
in Westmorland
I took a chestnut mare.

The roads dip in,
the roads climb out,
the shallow river, full of trout
sings, purls and ripples round about
its green cupped fields,
and there
they hold the autumn Fair.

To Appleby
in Westmorland
by one, and two, and three
come strawberry roans,
and Cleveland bays,
high-stepping hunters, Galloways,
hacks, driving cobs, flea-bitten greys
from all the North Countree.

To Appleby
in Westmorland
come gipsy living-vans.
They've travelled from
the Downs, the Wolds,
like galleons with bursting holds
of gilts and scarlets,
greens and golds,
and brooms, and pots, and pans.

To Appleby
in Westmorland
come mugs and sharps and flats,
and Shires that plod,
and colts that prance,
and girls as gallant
as a lance,
and dealers hard of countenance
as their own bowler hats.

To Appleby
in Westmorland
I took a chestnut mare.

She'd mark of mouth,
her wind was sound,
I meant to sell . . .
I led her round:
I gave the farmer back a pound
for luck when our clasped hands
had bound
the bargain—
yet I swear
I almost wish I had not found
a buyer at the Fair.

R. C. S.

One Time

"IT was ten o'clock in Japan and 2.30 A.M. (B.S.T.) in Britain" (and, let us add, if we have the matter right, 9.30 P.M. the day before in the eastern United States) "when the Japanese Prime Minister . . . bowed to the Allied Conquerors and signed the document which marks the ignominious end of Japan's attempt to fulfil its divine mission of world conquest."

Oh, yes, and in Russia, we fancy, it was 5.30 A.M. Russian Summer Time (if any), or 4.30 A.M. G.M.T.

Surely the events of the last few weeks will have strengthened our "One World—One Time" movement.

All over the globe the citizens have been racking their brains about the condition of the clock in far-away Japan. In the exciting days of doubt and hope we were stopped in the streets, we were approached in chemists' shops, by anxious citizens with the question "Can you tell me what time it will be here in London after lunch in Japan to-morrow? because the paper says that something may be coming through at 1.30, Japanese time: and Henry said that might mean to-day or yesterday."

It is quite intolerable that our citizens should any more be put to such intellectual stress by the primitive habits of a barbarous foe. The clocks in Japan (and everywhere else) should show Greenwich Mean Time only, and we should then know when to listen to wireless announcements or entertainments from there without mathematical calculations, which are odious to a Briton. It would mean, no doubt, that the Japanese would have to have breakfast at midnight; but they would soon get used to that; and anyhow, who cares?

And consider—more important still—the situation among the Allies. In the very hour of Victory our boasted unity is broken. Not only do the Allies accept the surrender at different times of the day: but the United States do their signing the day before the others. To generations of schoolboys it will have to be explained why President Truman made his broadcast on Saturday night *after* the surrender ceremony, although that ceremony did not take place till ten o'clock on Sunday morning in Japan. Apart from the nuisance this will cause in the schools, who knows what legends, what underground movements, may spring from it in the years to come?

Surely the radio and the aeroplane, not to mention the rocket, have made so much nonsense of local times that the whole system should be abandoned. Let us put it this way. Do you realize that if the Japs were able to discharge an atomic rocket at New York on Sunday, say, it would arrive on Saturday, the day before? If an ultimatum therefore expired at midnight the Japs would be able to cheat, as usual, but would be formally in order. Think that out, Bobby—unless, of course, we have got it wrong: and then you must think it out more carefully still.

"One World—One Time." The airmen and the navigators everywhere use Greenwich Time for their serious business: and so should we all. The word "Greenwich," we may be told, will rouse international jealousies. Well, it does not among the navigators, and we know of no nation that bitterly resents the alignment of the Prime Meridian through a south-east London suburb. But, if there is anything in that, let us call it World Mean Time, or International Mean Time.

That brings us to B.S.T. Personally, we are delighted by the announcement that on October 7th we Britons are going back, at last, to Greenwich Mean Time, to British Time, to World Time. Big Ben, at last, will tell the truth. Big Ben, at last, will cease to record Berlin Time (for that, you poor suckers, is what B.S.T. is, by the sun). At last the whole of our lives will cease to be founded on a lie.

The usual laments are to be heard. "We shall be forced to leave the office in the dark in December" and so on. But why? If it is desirable to change our habits and times of doing things, by all means let it be done—but leave the clocks alone. If a mariner or an airman wishes to make a long passage between daylight and dark, he is not slavishly governed by the clock. He does not say "Oh, nobody starts work till 8.0 A.M. by the clock": he starts when it is light, whatever the clock may say.

Well, within reason, so should the mere civilian landsman. If he wants more daylight in the evening, and the Government want him to use less fuel then let him start work earlier—but leave the clocks alone. In these days it should be an easy thing to arrange. "Controls," according to H.M. Government, are to abide for another five years. They have only to say to the factories, the departments, the railways, the pubs, Parliament itself: "For the four months (or perhaps for the five years) beginning so-and-so we wish the normal hours of beginning and ending work to be so-and-so. The first and the last trains should be an hour earlier." The only snag that we can see is the reprinting of the time-tables. But when things are easier there could be summer and winter tables. And even that is not absolutely necessary.

"Subtract One Hour from printed tables," would be simple enough for a nation brought up on football-pools and "points" and coupons. Besides, the complaint now, we gather, is that we should have one hour British Summer Time all the year round: and if that is the notion the same tables would do all the year.

British Summer Time, for us serious thinkers, has always been an insult to the British Character. It is founded on the Theory of Mass Gullibility: the theory that the people cannot be induced to do the right thing unless they are deceived into it. They will not get up earlier for a fact, or a faith: but they will for a fake.

Shame! A. P. H.

o o

Lady into Bucket

TELL me, O Star, so far from the bore of household chore and the sickening *glup!* of thickening washing-up, as you wander mock-demure through the "Supplement in Photogravure" do you ponder and muse on the fate of the views on that two-page colour-plate, and solemnly think how under the sink of cottage and castle there lurks alike many a gruesome parcel?

Do you reflect, as you pose with rows of jewels decked, hour after hour while the cameras devour your glamour as you display each gay trapping, on how soon you will become some housewife's boon—a piece of nice thick domestic wrapping? And covered in ugly fat at that?

You should. It would do you good.

J. B. B.

o o

"WANTED, HOUSEKEEPER to two working men and their aged mother; live in; small wage, etc.; anyone who likes country life, farmer's daughter, etc."

Advt. in Sussex paper.

What's she like?

o o

This Week's Mechanical Marvel

"Cottage Piano for Sale or Hire—Underdamper, overstrung, good condition. Also teaches Piano, Violin, Mandoline, Theory, good results.—*Advt. in Indian paper.*



"Ay, zur, they dropped ONE *'ere—quite close to oi, oi've been told."*

Did I Hear Somebody Say We Don't Need Exports?

IT certainly looks as though this coming winter is going to be tough. Last Wednesday a male magpie settled on the communal compost-heap opposite the vicarage. That usually means a hard winter with secondary depressions queuing up to get in from the North Atlantic. Last Friday a prominent young "bull" was unable to settle in Bishopsgate. That is almost certainly a sign of approaching economic stringency.

Let us look at the prospects.

Food. This will be scarce. Not all of this year's harvest has been gathered; most of last year's has been consumed; and next year's, though it is expected to be good and early, is unlikely to be of much immediate use.

Fats are a problem.

Lend-lease supplies, dehydrated for so long, have now dried up altogether.

A week ago I fingered a menu which read:

HOT DOG AMERICAN

Was this a pointer, I wondered? A little lower down it said:

STABLE D'HÔTE

That may have been either a portent or a clerical error.

Petrol. The petrol harvest reports are encouraging, but domestic supplies in Britain are tied up with the dollar situation. You see, we in this country are terribly short of dollars—chiefly because we make do with the pound sterling as our national currency unit—and petrol simply eats dollars. Try thinning it out with "Glop" or "Sumpex."

Clothing. Reports about the wool clip are far from reassuring. The rayon clip is much more promising. Individual clothing coupons may be reduced in number—or they may have to cover a longer period or a larger area. They may also be reduced in size to save paper.

With what may well turn out to be the coldest winter within living memory almost upon us Sir Stafford Cripps may soon make a dramatic announcement. He may tell us that two of our coupons (the ones marked "Do nothing with these until you are told to") can be used as claims for either extra fats or wool.

Fuel and Power. These are in very bad shape. At the moment there are virtually only two sources of both—coal and hydro-electricity. The atom business came too late to affect this winter's models. Used sparingly, coal supplies may just about see us through. But we shall have to tighten our belts. People with all-hydro-electric homes will be lucky, for the expected inclemency of the weather should ensure adequate supplies.

It all depends how much we are prepared to export and die.

News. This is the one bright spot. It is beginning to look very much as though we are in for the first peacetime Christmas for six years. HOD.

At the Play

"THE HASTY HEART" (ALDWYCH)

THIS curious play opens with an unveiling ceremony. One by one, five patients in a convalescent ward of a British general hospital behind the Assam-Burma front are released from their mosquito netting, and a new day begins. It is the oddest the ward has known. First the Colonel invites his patients to be sympathetic to a young soldier who must presently join them, and who—unknown to himself—has only a short time to live. The man arrives and turns out to be a formidable hermit crab or, worse, a compound of porcupine and mule, ever on guard with his quills or his lashing hoof. He is apparently an Ayrshire Scot (which makes us wonder what Scotland has done to the author, Mr. JOHN PATRICK). Relentlessly suspicious, this *Lachlen* rejects even a cigarette, "sets no value on anything," and ends by alienating almost the entire ward—the New Zealander, the Australian, the American, and the Cockney. It is fortunate that *Blossom*, the Basuto (a charming study by Mr. ORLANDO MARTINS) has scarcely a word of English.

Remarkably, no one suffers a relapse; *Lachlen's* manners, sullen and stockish, are enough to induce nervous prostration. To him all friendship is feigning, all loving mere folly. His fellows soon tire of their game of patience. It is a couple of weeks before *Sister Margaret*, the ward's ministering angel, persuades them to try again and to share in an elaborate birthday present: its centre is a regimental kilt. Nobody in his life (who can wonder at it?) has ever made a gift to *Lachlen*: immediately he melts like a snow-wreath in thaw and grows as embarrassing in his profuse friendliness as he had been in anger. There are still to be swift changes in his temperature chart, but these, I think, are best discovered in the theatre.

The Hasty Heart is a dismaying example of a piece effective enough on the stage—undoubtedly the first-night audience was moved at the proper moments—but also queerly ingenuous in retrospect. This is by no means an evening for the cynic; Mr. PATRICK has been too liberal with the sugar-castor. Further, he is over-anxious to establish young *Lachlen's* grimness, bred of a dark childhood. The man has become less of a character than a caricature. And why saddle him with bagpipes? Most of us can be trusted to assume that he is a Scot—yet the author piles it on so lavishly that we wait in alarm for the haggis. Incidental humours are in the fourth-form tradition; these happy warriors have a limited range. All the same, the play is often appealing; people may not believe in its Caledonian stern and wild, but they do want to know what happens to him. What matter if they forget as soon as they know? The author, having contracted to hold attention until the evening ends, has honoured his pledge. It is a comfort that *Lachlen* makes no miraculous recovery: this would have shattered the piece past repair.

A burden rests on the Scot, who is played without fuss by Mr. EMRYS JONES from Wales. I gather that Scotsmen feel strongly about Mr. JONES's accent; Southerners, with ears less delicate, applaud an agreeably plain statement of a trying part. Miss MARGARETTA SCOTT rides on the crest of her form as the Sister who receives one of the stage's bluntest proposals; and her patients are exuberantly done. Although *Tommy* is as much of a stage Cockney as *Lachlen* is a stage Scot, Mr. JERRY VERNO bangs over his jokes with a disarming zest. J. C. T.



"... GANG AFT AGLEY."

Blossom . . . . . MR. ORLANDO MARTINS
Lachlen . . . . . MR. EMRYS JONES
Margaret . . . . . MISS MARGARETTA SCOTT
Tommy . . . . . MR. JERRY VERNO
Yank . . . . . MR. JOHN MCLAREN

"MYSELF, A STRANGER" (EMBASSY)

The Embassy play by a mother and son, Mrs. CARO BURDEN and Mr. HUGH BURDEN, is also set in the Far East, but it proves to be a graver business than *The Hasty Heart*. The authors call us to the colour bar, impediment to the marriage of true minds; their piece, laid in Ceylon between the wars, is a steady, sensible debate upon the problems of miscegenation (with one useful reminder that the coloured may sometimes feel as strongly about mixed marriage as the white).

Whereas Mr. PATRICK's play must act much better than it reads, *Myself, a Stranger* probably reads better than it acts. Though it takes an hour to get used to the theatre, it quickens into drama towards the close and manages on the way to tell us much about life in Ceylon. Mr. BURDEN himself smoulders quietly as the young barrister who cannot wed the daughter of the British Government Agent ("Let me confess that we two must be twain"); Miss KAY BANNERMAN, a young actress of quality, flashes into emotion at the end; and Mr. CECIL RAMAGE invests her father with a pleasant tact. Indeed the performance overcomes a sluggish production. It is surprisingly good in its brief passages of comedy: here the producer has been happy in the casting of two small but awkward parts.

All the lights go up in the resthouse when Mr. JACK ALLEN, welcomed back from the Army, wanders in as an amiable ass of a tea-planter, and Mr. RODDY HUGHES's irrepressible Welsh lilt does not injure his portrait of a dreadful Cingalese bore, that gentleman of the shade, *Mr. Hercules de Soysa*. J. C. T.

Application for Headship

"UPSIDAISY,"
CONVOLVULUS DRIVE,
LONDON, N.E. 55.

To the Governors, Colehammer-on-the-Wold Grammar School (founded 1765).

GENTLEMEN,—I have much pleasure, which I hope will be reciprocated, in offering myself as a candidate for the post of Headmaster of Colehammer-on-the-Wold Grammar School (founded 1765), and in enclosing your application form, replete with interesting details of my outstanding career, together with three beautifully printed testimonials. I am convinced that, after my many years of experience in applying for headmasterships, you would make a grave mistake if you should appoint anyone else; but in case you should feel any lingering doubts I would call your attention to the following explanatory remarks.

Education. In the twenty years since I left Oxford I have done my best to remedy the defects in my education by taking innumerable courses in shorthand, commercial French, etc., and by modelling my deportment as closely as possible on that of the Old Boys of the schools in which I have taught.

Teaching Experience. During my twelve years at Wetnes County School I have spent nearly all my time teaching School Certificate English Literature, which consists of knowing twice as much as the authors about three English books. I attribute my astounding success (97 per cent. Distinctions) largely to my forbidding all boys, on entering the school at eleven years of age, to read anything in English but the books they will take in the examination five years later.

Methods. My teaching methods are essentially modern: indeed it has been well said that such time as I am not integrating I am correlating. By a judicious mixture of such well-known methods as the Lay Way, the Stilton Plan and the Projectile Method I have evolved a style of instruction which may fairly be called unique.

Publications. My ideals in education are set out fully in my books, which include: *The Boy as a Body-Mind, The Teacher as a Spirit-Body, The School as a Transcendental Entity, The Parent as an Irremovable Obstacle.* All these books have appealed to an informed rather than a wide public.

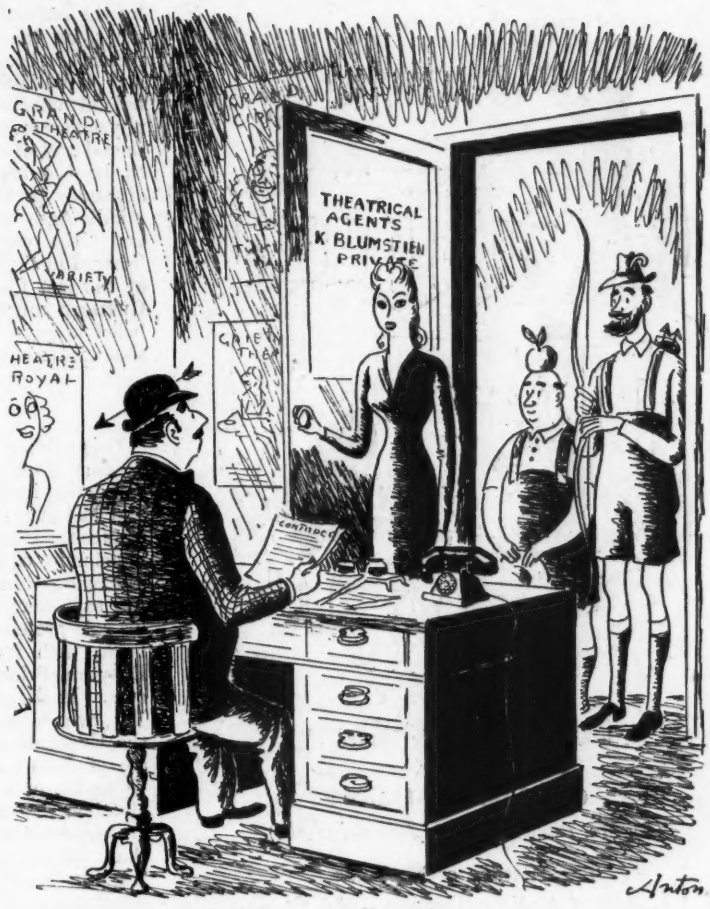
The National System. I have studied intensively all Reports, White Papers and Acts published during the last hundred years, and agree wholeheartedly with all of them. I am, moreover, in the habit of expounding them not only to my colleagues and headmaster but to casual acquaintances. All are of the fixed opinion that such knowledge as mine should not be confined to its present restricted sphere.

Aims. I understand that Colehammer-on-the-Wold Grammar School (founded 1765) is likely soon to become the nucleus for a multilateral school embracing about 4,000 boys and girls from a wide industrial and agricultural area. I should be ideally qualified to organize such a school. Not only am I a handy-man with a keen interest in industrial methods, but I have listened for years to the agricultural talks on the wireless. Knowing at least as much of the philosophical implications of ley and humus as any practical farmer, I should be in a position to institute that perfectly balanced practical education with an agricultural bias which is nowadays regarded as the ideal, while not forfeiting the intellectual and spiritual values for which the English grammar school has stood for centuries.

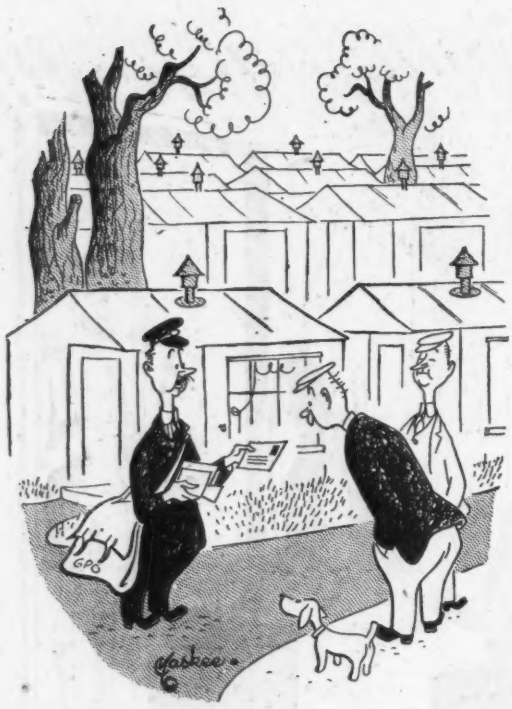
Personal. My two children (see my pamphlet, "Heredity and the Problem-Child") have been and are a constant stimulus to my search for the perfect education. My wife has an open mind and looks passable on platforms. I myself am about the same height as Napoleon.

In conclusion, if you should honour me by appointing me Headmaster of Colehammer-on-the-Wold Grammar School (founded 1765), I should do my utmost to uphold, and if possible to extend, its grand national reputation.

Yours faithfully,
ARNOLD THRING ASCHAM.



"A William Tell act to see you, sir."



"Which of 'em is 'The Towers'?"

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(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

The History of Medicine

IN *A History of Medicine* (NELSON, 30/-) Dr. DOUGLAS GUTHRIE has given a comprehensive account of the theory and practice of healing throughout the ages, from primitive man down to Sir William Osler, who died in 1919. Dr. GUTHRIE has perhaps crowded too many names and too much information into the later chapters, which deal with the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. But the earlier chapters are both delightful to read and full of interest. It appears that as early as 15,000 B.C. doctors realized the importance of establishing a moral ascendancy over their patients, for the oldest known portrait of a medical man—a drawing on the wall of the Trois Frères Cave in the Pyrenees—represents an impressive figure arrayed in the skin of some animal, his limbs adorned with stripes of paint and his head fitted with a large pair of antlers. Primitive man, Dr. GUTHRIE says, regarded disease as a magical phenomenon produced by a god, a spirit, or the telepathic powers of a hostile human being. He did not recognize natural and external causes, and therefore expected his doctors to be magicians, who could pit magic against magic. In due course experience taught him that minor ailments could be cured by material means, the sting of a nettle, for example, by a dock leaf, and out of these small beginnings medical science gradually evolved. "Almost everything that contributes to the interest and happiness of life originated in Greece," writes Dr. GUTHRIE, for whom Hippocrates is "the greatest physician of all time." Every disease, according to Hippocrates, arises from external causes, from cold, from the sun, or from changing winds, and, under the direction of a physician, can be combated by the natural resources of the body. In the Old Testament, on the other hand, there was little place for the physician, because God alone was regarded as the healer; and Christianity, Dr. GUTHRIE holds, disseminated the baleful effects of Judaic obscurantism. Anatomy and physiology became dead sciences, the body was regarded as sacred and dissection as a crime, and disease was supposed to be the consequence of sin. The enlightened Greek attitude, preserved by the Arabs, revived during the Middle Ages, anatomy and surgery were gradually restored, and "the wonderful phenomenon of the Renaissance" ushered in the multitudinous achievements and discoveries of the last four centuries in medicine and surgery. Dr. GUTHRIE concedes, however, that the present widespread belief in psychotherapy indicates a reversion to the view that diseases do not spring from external causes. H. K.

Brave Old World

It is exhilarating to note that while "serious" verse has become sloppy and recondite, light verse has gone on surpassing its Victorian high-water-mark of craftsmanship and lucidity. In *Poems* (MULLER, 6/-), by "ALGOL," one salutes the graceful, buoyant and (for all its gaiety) magnanimous muse of a renowned *Punch* poet. C. H. BRETHERTON did many things and did them well. His output, as his son says here, was prodigious. But he maintained that his sole profession was the writing of light verse; and this book, with its echoes of forerunners as far-spaced as Drayton, Prior and Landor, has a wistful topicality of its own. In the poet's youth Oxford was still "holy Oxford." Yet, even then, he preferred the mouse-tunnelled banks of the Evenlode to the city's still venerable streets, and the ale of Boar's Hill to that eminence's budding coteries. Using his eyes to look without, you view the passing of Matthew Arnold's world. Using them to look within, you are aware of the endurance of a far more confident spirit than Arnold ever knew. If charity grown cold taught "ALGOL" such plaintive lyrics as "Adrift," his own interior fire flared up in poems like "Revolt." And revolt—revolt against materialism and tyranny—is his last and most urgent message. H. P. E.

War and the Writer

With the best will in the world to extend a warm welcome to the prose and verse of young writers in the three Services, one's first reaction to the greater number of the miscellaneous contributions to *Bugle Blast* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 6/-) is one of disappointment. This is not on account of their technical quality, which is, all things considered, surprisingly good, but simply because the writers, with a few outstanding exceptions, have so very little to say that in any way fulfils the fresh and stimulating spirit of the collection's title. Yet on reflection it cannot but be realized that this is no matter for wonder. The tented field, or for that matter the deck of a destroyer or the cockpit of an aeroplane, is not the best of backgrounds for the cherub Contemplation, and the wonder really is that the regimented life should produce any writing at all, other than sheer reporting; so that the probability is that such of these young writers as continue the literary venture will be saying what they really have to say about Tobruk and Burma and Normandy and the rest when the dust and trampling of war has become a distant rumour. Of the items which make up *Bugle Blast*, those which call for special mention are Mr. Howard Weiss's "The Families in the Caves," a discerning and beautifully written little cameo of the war in Italy, Mr. Alexander Stirrat's vivid

and moving "The Carrier Pigeon," an admirably restrained character study, "The Medical Orderly," by Alfred Perlès, and (by way of contrast) Mr. Frank Woolcott's bitter scrap of satire, "Not the Same for Sahibs." The poetical contributions are on a singularly undistinguished level. C. F. S.

Fair Trade and Foul

A children's book which belongs to the *Wind-in-the-Willows, Winnie-the-Pooh* school—and would not in either text or pictures disgrace it—*The Tree that Sat Down* (CAPE, 8/6), shows Mr. BEVERLEY NICHOLS putting a fantastic face on the highly topical theme of trade. This is not so difficult a matter as it might seem. Children love playing shop; and here are two shops—a Good Shop and a Bad Shop. *Judy* and her aunt run the Good Shop. *Sam* and his uncle the Bad Shop. The Good Shop is in a tree, the Bad Shop in a broken-down Ford. The Good Shop offers honest service and kind magic to the forest animals. The Bad Shop offers chicanery and black magic —suitably boosted by advertisement—to the same unsophisticated public. The difficult link between fantasy and satire is cleverly welded, the morality is unimpeachable and necessary, the shop-keepers, customers and witches are a lively and well-integrated world. Perhaps the spells, so impressively recommended as really practicable, are a trifle frightening; and the mythology would have been better without its intervening God. The Christian fairy-tale—the Bunyan touch—needs a very precise theological background. It faded out with Norman Macleod's *Gold Thread* and will not easily be recaptured. H. P. E.

The American Navy

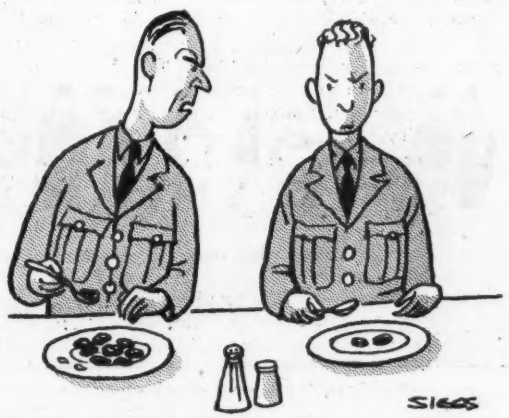
In *America's Navy in World War II* (HUTCHINSON, 25/-) Mr. GILBERT CANT, a special correspondent, has written a very full, but clear and detached account of the part played in the war by the American Navy. Mr. CANT opens with a sketch of American naval history. The first steam warship ever used was the *Demologos* in the war of 1812, but the senior naval officers of this period disapproved of this innovation, and even as late as 1870 a Navy regulation forbade the use of steam except in an emergency. In the present war a number of progressive admirals, backed by President Roosevelt, made good the deficiencies existing when it broke out, and the losses sustained at Pearl Harbour. The "copenhaging" of Pearl Harbour is vividly described by the author, who considerately suggests that "portarthuring" is a more satisfactory way of putting it. Then comes the fighting retreat through the Philippines, the stubborn effort of the Dutch Admiral Helfrich to defend the Indonesian barrier, and the Coral Sea and Midway actions, which saved Australia. The author brings the history of the Pacific war down to the beginning of 1943, when the long and desperate Solomons campaign, directed against the attempt of the Japanese to seize bases for an air attack on Australia, ended in an American victory. America's contribution to the North African campaign is also dealt with, and her co-operation with Britain on the most vital of all the fronts; for, as Mr. CANT puts it, it was possible for the Allies to lose on each of the fronts in turn, but so long as they could hold the enemy to a stalemate on the Atlantic front, victory was denied him. H. K.

New Postscript

Mr. PRIESTLEY sometimes writes novels. Mr. PRIESTLEY sometimes broadcasts. Now Mr. PRIESTLEY has written a broadcast and called it a novel. Its name is *Three Men in New Suits* (HEINEMANN, 8/6), and it is about three plain soldiers, with no nonsense about them, who get demobilized and come back home to their wives and mothers and sisters —*and* sweethearts—and find everything going on in the same old way, for better, for worse, come rain or shine, and with far too much of the old nonsense about it. Like every chap who's been away for a long time they find that life (if you can call it that) has been jogging along in the same old way in their absence. And they don't like it. In a way, it *hurts*. It isn't nice to know your mother keeps up the old feuds, or your wife has taken rather too strong a fancy to one of our American allies, or—if you're a good lad, and *these* lads are—that your dad's made a good thing out of the farm at last, just because the fellow in the town's been really dependent on it again for the first time for hundreds and hundreds of years. It isn't what they used to talk about, out there in the Western Desert. Out there they had—thinks Mr. PRIESTLEY, and he is probably right—a tremendous experience, they saw visions and dreamed dreams; and the reality is pretty disappointing. So, alas! is this book. Though full of good intentions it has much less of anything else than, say, the first act alone of almost any of Mr. PRIESTLEY'S plays. J. S.

Prisoners Out of Captivity

Four years ago there was a short announcement in the Press—"The arrival in London is announced of a group of French officers and men who have escaped, via Russia, from prisoner-of-war camps in Germany." Now, under the title *The Road to Liberty* (PETER DAVIES, 10/6), M. JEAN BRILHAC, who remarks "One hundred and eighty-six men have contributed, if not to writing it, at least to the fact that it has been written," has collected the stories of their imprisonment, restlessness and escapes into one book of heartening quality. "France," as Mr. D. W. BROGAN points out in his introduction, "was not, even for a moment, adequately represented by men of the capitulation of 1940." One of the most interesting things about the book is that it shows so clearly how all the escapes are made according to character. One man would prepare and plan to the last detail, and spend hours in making a buckle out of a piece of tin, another would stroll out at the eleventh hour. One, who had been employed in furniture removing, managed to steal a map from Goering's hunting-pavilion. A grim and extremely well-written book. B. E. B.



"These prunes taste awful. Think yourself lucky you only got two."

Volcanism

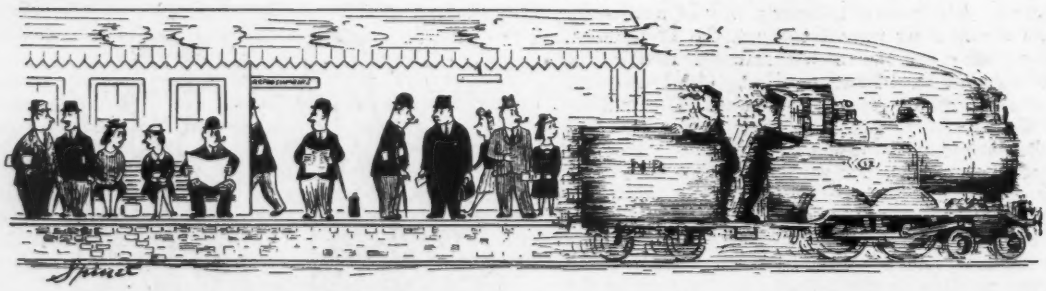
I AM told that in Japan there is a special volcano reserved by custom for students who have failed in their examinations and wish to jump into a volcano. Which of course is all very Japanese. I am also told that the queues which form around the crater's lip at graduation time are both lengthy and enthusiastic. And here my information ends. I do not know if tourists are allowed to queue up also, or if the special trains running to the volcano contain none but the wholly serious. I do not even know if a volcano-jumper prefers an audience of fellow-students alone or if he welcomes any sight-seer who cares to make the trip—the trip to the brink, that is to say, and not the entire journey, though "the more the merrier" is always a good rule, and the Japs are a gregarious lot, and if one or two trippers could be persuaded to make the jump it might be so much the better. I well remember the character in Labiche's play who was about to leap into the Seine and tried to prevail upon a riverside bootblack to join him. "*A deux, c'est plus gai*," he said, and quite right. Still, my understanding of the Japanese character is limited. For all I know, casual visitors may be thought to sully the sacred mountain and casual jumpers to blaspheme it. Indeed, now I come to think of it, this is highly probable. Otherwise, why have a special volcano reserved for students? If anyone could saunter round and jump in on the slightest pretext (such as the pangs of love or politics), the place would become about as exclusive as Waterloo Station, and the educational standard of Japan would suffer.

It sticks in my mind that there is another volcano maintained for disappointed lovers. (There are all sorts of queer things that stick in my mind, and the queerest thing about them is that most of them turn out to be quite true after all, though I seldom believe them when I first fish them up.) And there may be still other volcanoes for other crafts, occupations, preoccupations, and conditions of melancholy; the Japs are a most methodical race, after all, and greatly resemble their former allies. They may even have (who knows?) a volcano for stockbrokers—or twin volcanoes, one for the bears and the other for the bulls.

But it seems to me at present that there are not nearly enough active volcanoes in Japan. Not active, that is, in the sense of being usefully employed; geologically speaking there are plenty of active ones. Who is jumping into them to-day? Almost nobody. The Jap's desire to bump himself off has either dwindled or else was always overestimated. Certainly the Japs are not nearly so fond of liquidating themselves as they once professed themselves to be—and very boastingly they professed it, too, with that fine lack of modesty which is the ideal of Master Races and modern psychologists alike. This slump in suicide may be a cheerful sign. Perhaps Japan is so demoralized that even its oldest customs have got short-circuited, and if we have managed to inhibit the Jap's primary impulse we may indeed be said to have beaten the little shrimp. But there is another explanation, at once more probable and more sombre. How do we know that the Jap does not consider himself unbeaten as yet, and therefore ineligible for the finality of a ceremonial rubbing-out? You've got to look at that.

What I propose to do (with the consent, needless to say, of the United Nations — especially those united against Japan and not merely united against nothing in particular) is to establish a group of volcanoes for unemployed Japanese warriors, and to promote and stimulate a fashion for jumping into them. Unemployment will be the unbearable stigma. It may be that a Japanese warrior thinks hara-kiri too serious a step while his leaders inform him that he remains unbeaten, and yet he would willingly hop into a volcano as a sort of halfway measure if he only had one to go to—in other words, a Better 'Ole. This would be a face-saving compromise, than which the Jap loves nothing better. He would not be capitulating in a final manner by committing hara-kiri, and yet he would certainly be indicating his disapproval of our assumption of victory.

This, believe me, is something worth thinking about. I know of several Japanese volcanoes that would be the very thing. They are almost unused and as good as new. And if the supply ran short there are some good ones in the Aleutians. The Aleutian Islands are not Japanese soil, it is true, but we could tell the little men they won them in battle. And they'd believe it, too.

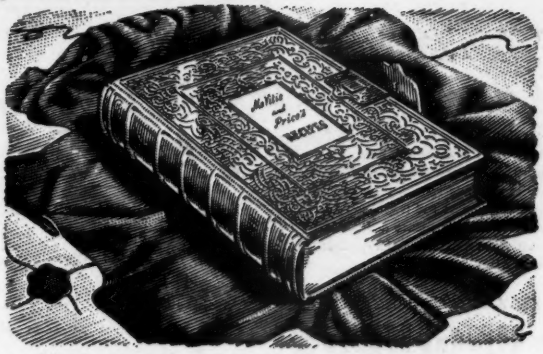


"And the faster we go the more blurred they all become."

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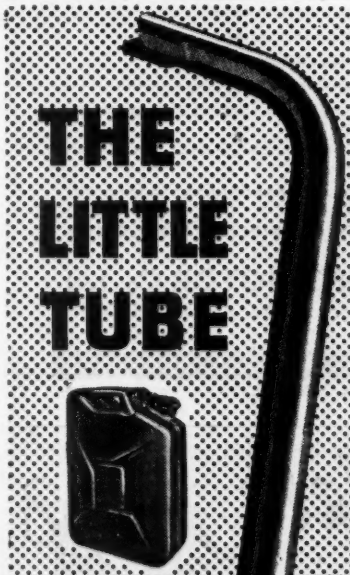
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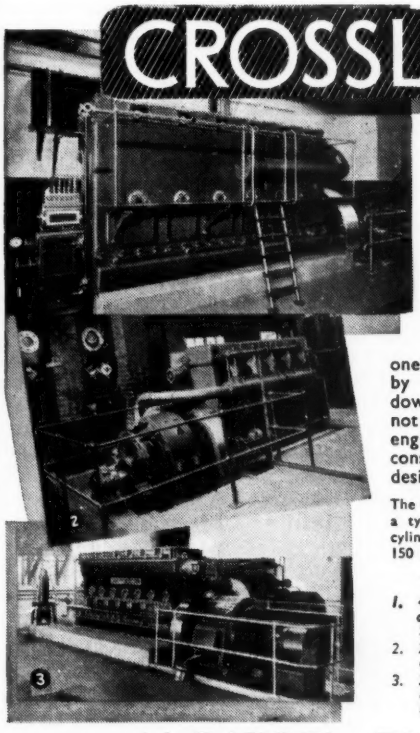


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The engines illustrated represent a type built in three to eight cylinders, in powers ranging from 150 b.h.p. to 2000 b.h.p.

The illustrations

1. *450 b.h.p. 6-cylinder Vertical oil engine at a N.W. Pumping Station.*
2. *250 b.h.p. 5-cylinder Vertical oil engine at a N.W. Factory.*
3. *350 and 250 b.h.p. 7-cylinder and 5-cylinder engines in a Power Station in India.*

Vertical & Horizontal DIESEL ENGINES and Gas Engines - 3 to 3000 B.H.P.

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AND ROCKS ARE TOUGH



THE insidious action of wind, rain, frost and sun, slowly wears away the hardest rock. The same agents corrode and wear away structures of steel and iron, brick and wood. But in this case, the action, mainly chemical in character, is infinitely more rapid. Fortunately, however, it can be completely frustrated by the timely application of a suitable Wailes Dove Anti-Corrosion coating to the threatened surfaces. If you are responsible for the maintenance of buildings, plant or equipment, you will gather a deal of interesting and helpful information on the subject from the new A.C.M. (Anti-Corrosion Measures) Book. Apply on business heading and send two penny stamps for a copy, mentioning Dept. E4a.

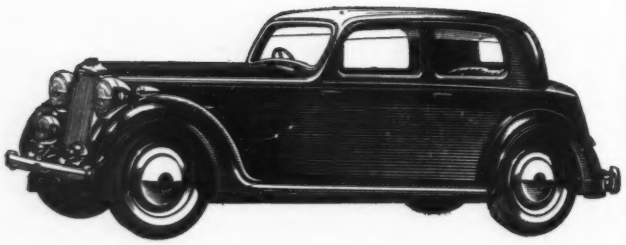
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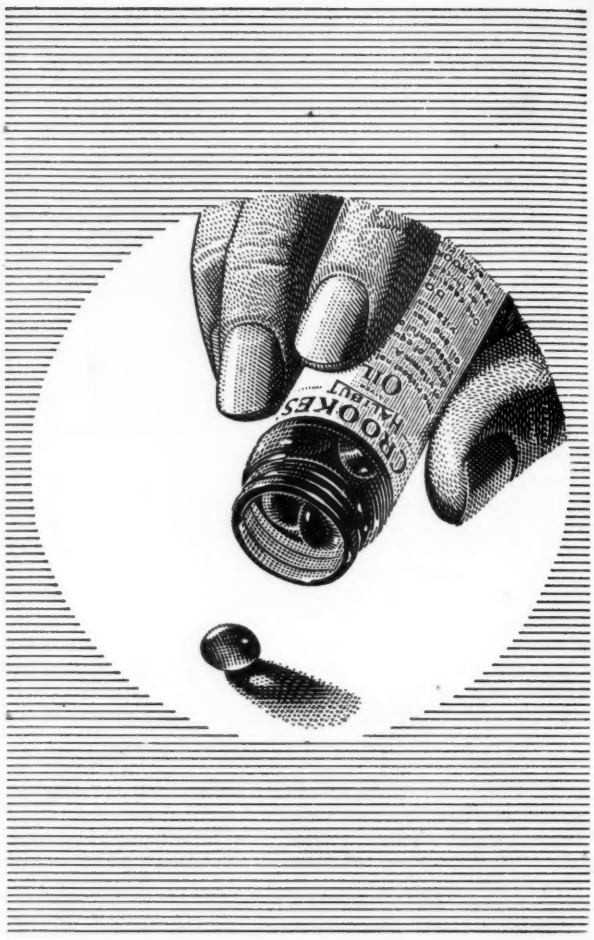
The Rover factories are now being reinstated for car production, and deliveries to authorised buyers will begin in the Autumn. The new cars will be similar in general design to the pre-war Rover models, with the addition of further detail refinements in the Rover tradition of quality.

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